

MRS. MIDNIGHT'S

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ORATIONS;

AND OTHER

SELECT PIECES;

As they were spoken

AT THE ORATORY

IN THE

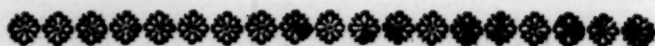
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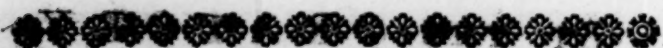
ORATIONS

AND OTHER

SELECT PIECES



At the Desire of many of the Encouragers of
this Work the Subscribers Names are omitted.



W. M. MARSHALL LONDON

Printed for the Editor, 1783



To the Right Honourable

Lady CAROLINE SEYMOUR.

WHEN I presumed, my good Lady, to beg your Patronage of these *Orations*, my grateful Heart overflow'd with a thousand Benizons for the obliging Favour, and I fondly thought, where all the Beauties of the Body and Mind were displayed, it would be very easy to cull a Chaplet of Flowers to adorn your Ladyship—but alas! how much was I mistaken? I have ransack'd a hundred Dedications, but they fall short of the Idea I have form'd of your Ladyship's Merit and Perfections; so I determined to go to the Fountain-head, and took a Trip to *Parnassus*, to present an Address to *Apollo* himself, but was stopt at the Gate by a rascally Porter, who

bluntly told me, the God had been so pestered for a Month past by a Pack of POETS, on Account of the Peace, that he had given absolute Orders that nobody should be admitted; and with a Finger & Thumb turning me round, said, So Ma'am *Midnight-trudge*——

“Curse me, Fellow, says I, (when
“I come this Way next) if I don’t
“trounce you.”——

I then took myself away, my Lady, to the Habitation of the MUSES, (to whom, & their Hawkers, I have been a faithful Drudge for these five and twenty Years) to beg their kind Assistance; but the proud Minxes turned up their Noses, and Miss *Clio* said, “Truly, they did not deal in PROSE, but if you’ll step into the next Street to the GRACES, you will find them at Leisure, with our Compliments, Old Friend.” — Indeed I was very civilly and politely received by these Ladies; And pray, says *Euphrosine*, to what
lucky

lucky Accident are we oblig'd for the
 Favour of this Visit? With the utmost
 Submission I told them, LADY CA-
 ROLINE SEYMOUR had been so good
 to suffer me to dedicate my *Oration*s
 to her Ladyship, and I humbly hop'd
 their kind Assistance to display her
 Virtues, and my profound Respect.--
 Good God! says Miss *Euphrosine*, in
 a Passion, Do you know what you
 ask, Mrs. *Midnight*? How could you
 think of such a Thing? The Lady is
 the nearest Relation we have in the
 World, and our most intimate Ac-
 quaintance; and every body you must
 know, will swear we are playing boo-
 ty.——“ Eye me, blest Providence!
 and square my Trial, to my propor-
 tioned Strength :” — Oh for a Quill
 from some Seraph's Wing, to deline-
 ate the grateful Wishes of my honest
 Heart, to the Throne of Grace ; May
 they ascend to beg its choicest Bles-
 sings may be shower'd down, My
 Good

Good Lady, upon you, your charming Daughters, and your future Sons? And may they all inherit the Virtues of their most worthy Parents, to a thousand Generations. — Permit me, my Lady, to present you my humblest Thanks, sincerest Wishes, and best Services; and if the Value of every Present is enhanced in Proportion to the good Intent of the Donor, you cannot receive a greater than this *New-Year's-Gift*, from,

MY LADY,

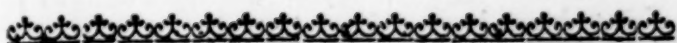
Your Ladyship's most obliged,

And humblest Servant,

M. MIDNIGHT.



S E L E C T
O R A T I O N S.



*A Dissertation on the Dignity, Benefit &
Beauty of UGLINESS.*

Originally published in the Old Woman's Magazine.

“ ACCORDING to the Assertion
“ of Things that are doubtful in
“ themselves, a Man must be forced
“ to grant, that those Things which
“ may be, may as well not be, pro-
“ vided a due Respect be had to the several
“ Differences and Degrees.” This was Part of a
Speech from a worthy Alderman, the oracular
Obscurity of which may pass, if comically con-
sidered,

sidered, for a Riddle, or if seriously, for a Prediction. But be that as it may — I shall always be proud to introduce any Thing of that worthy Gentleman's into my Magazine, who is the greatest Economist of Meaning in the World, & whose Parsimony of good Sense must unavoidably render him acceptable to the present Age. The above-quoted Extract is a happy Prelude to my present Theme, and I don't doubt but I shall be able to prove the Dignity, Benefit and Beauty of Uglinefs, *provided* (as the Alderman well observes) *a due Respect be had to the several Differences and Degrees*. And first then let us see what is to be advanced with Regard to the Dignity of Uglinefs. That a great many of the best Families in *Europe* have been distinguish'd by an hereditary Uglinefs from the rest of Mankind, has been a Matter of Boast not only to the House of *Bourbon*, but to many others of equal Rank and Distinction. The Magnificence of Pride, the Fierceness of Command, and many other Attributes of great Men can be but ill sustain'd by a Set of regular Features. Look at the *Roman Emperors* — survey the Busts of the ancient Philosophers, and you will find, that they differed not more from the rest of Mankind in their Wisdom and Greatness, than they did in a certain deform'd Habitude of Body, critically contriv'd to attract the Attention of the People, and consequently, to leave a strong Impression of their Doctrines upon their Memory.—Need I mention

tion *Æsop*? — Need I mention *Socrates*? — or need I mention the more modern Instances of *Haydigger* and *Scarron*? Secondly, Let us consider the Benefit of Uglinefs. — This is almost infinite, but however, I fhall confine my present Speculations to thofe Conveniencies that attend my own Sex from the aforefaid Benefit. Sir *Geo. Etherege*, has the following judicious Lines in his Comedy called *Love in a Tub*, which may ferve me as a Thefis —

“ Had you lefs beauteous been, you’d known
 “ lefs Care ;
 “ Ladies are happieft moderately fair.”

Uglinefs is the Parent of that Kind of Virtue, which depends not upon Principle, and is a moft effectual Means of a Lady’s neither leading nor being led into Temptation. — Befides it does not more protect the Chafity of the Females, than it advances their Fame ; it inlifts all their own Sex of their Side, and is a fovereign Prefervative from Envy. ’Tis true, Ma’am, fays *Flirtelinda*, Mrs. *Hoppertail* is Hump-back ; — but then ſhe has all the Prudence and Difcretion conceivable. Miſs *Jingumbob* is to be ſure very homely, but ’tis the Charms of the Mind that ſtrike me, and tho’ *Gorgonia* ſquints, has black Teeth, bandy Legs, and is Pot-bellied ; yet all the World allows ſhe is an exceeding good Sort of a Woman. When I view thoſe unhappieft of all human

Creatures, the Ladies of Pleasure, and find so many fine Women amongst them, I bless myself that I never was very eminent for my corporal Charms, and that I am an Example of the following Precept, BE UGLY, AND BE HAPPY, a very proper Motto for a thousand Coats of Arms in this Kingdom.

I come now in the third and last Place, to consider the Beauty of Uglinefs, which, tho' a seeming Contradiction, is not less evident, if duly attended to than the fore-going Propositions. When I see *Tribadia* kissing her Pug-dog and the Monkey, two of the most odious Animals in Nature, I am confirm'd in the Truth of of this Maxim. It may perhaps be objected, that Beauty is a mere relative Term, and (to use the common Phrase) all Fancy. Well 'tis granted—and I insist this Objection makes for me, rather than against me—for if Beauty is all Fancy, why then you may fancy Uglinefs to be beautiful. Away with your Symmetry and Proportion, paltry Eye-traps, empty Shadows.—There is an old *English* Proverb which has as much Truth and good Sense in it, as any in the Language, which points out the Insignificancy of these Things, and proves them to be no Essentials, JOAN'S AS GOOD AS MY LADY IN THE DARK, and to the same Effect sings a very experienc'd Poet.

- “ Talk of blooming Charms and Graces,
“ All is Notion, all is Name ;
“ Nothing differs but their Faces,
“ Every Woman is the same.

The Instability of Beauty is a common Complaint, but there is something immutable in the Nature of Ugliness, or if it should ever be subject to change, it can lose nothing by the Bargain. In short, however paradoxical it may seem to my Readers, I am sorry to say, that there is a great Majority of the human Species of my Opinion, tho' they don't know it—FOR WHOEVER FORSAKES VIRTUE, AND IS CAPTIVATED BY THE CHARMS OF VICE, HE IS ENAMOUR'D WITH THE BEAUTY OF UGLINESS.

M. MIDNIGHT.

A

A Dissertation on the following most excellent old English Rules, videlicet,

[*From the Old Woman's Magazine.*]

COME WHEN YOU ARE CALLED,
DO AS YOU ARE BID, and
SHUT THE DOOR AFTER YOU.

Notwithstanding these Rules are so obvious and intelligible, that any Rustic may understand them, yet the perpetual Breach of them makes it necessary for me to preach them into Practice at this Juncture. I shall consider them in their proper Order, and endeavour to set them in a proper Light.—And first,

COME WHEN YOU ARE CALLED.

I had a violent Hoarseness upon me for three Months with calling my *Woman*, who was so wilfully Deaf, that neither the jingling of the Bell, the stamping of my Foot, nor my own Voice (which Heaven be pleased is pretty distinguishable) could ever make her approach, when I wanted her.---I have recommended this Precept with the more Vehemence, because I have always enforced it by my Example; and if I had not punctually *come* when *I was called* in my maternal Profession, half the Women of Quality

Quality in this Kingdom would have dy'd before their Time.

And now for the second Rule,

DO AS YOU ARE BID.

This I look upon to be one of the most capital Rules in the World, *in* this are included, and *by* this are inculcated the Duty of a Child to his Parents, of a Soldier to his General, of a Subject to his Prince, with an Hundred and Fifty *et ceteras*. I was credibly informed by the Ghost of Sir *Thomas More*, which appeared to me a few Nights ago, that no Bishoprick, or indeed any Post of Honour, Dignity or Profit whatsoever, was disposed of in the Kingdom of UTOPIA, without the Persons preferr'd previously giving Security to observe this truly GOLDEN Rule --- and I desire all my Readers would strictly adhere to this Injunction of DOING AS THEY ARE BID, when I command them to buy up all the odd Numbers of my Magazine, and compleat their Sets immediately.

And now I come to the most important Article of all.

SHUT THE DOOR AFTER YOU.

About two Years before my Marriage with my dear Mr. *Midnight*, I took the grand Tour of *Europe*, I visited all the Islands in the *Archipelago*. I went to *Turkey* and *Grand Cairo*, but never
could

could find one single Person in all my Travels that had Wit enough to observe this Rule. I had a Dog indeed whose Name was *Whisky* (though he was but a stupid Dog I promise you) that never failed shutting the Door if he cou'd ; but if it was so situated that he cou'd not manage it, he bark'd at it, in order to shew his Indignation, and that he was convinc'd in his own Mind, that it was very wrong the Door should remain open. As trifling an Affair as this may seem to some Criticasters, there has many a Life been lost by this ridiculous Piece of Negligence: Colds have been catch'd, Thieves and Murderers have had Admission into the Houses of honest Men. Virgins have been deflower'd, merely by a Contempt of this Rule : And if I had a Voice Ten Thousand Times louder than STENTOR, or even Thunder itself, I would get upon the Top of St. PAUL's, and blow out,

COME WHEN YOU ARE CALLED,
DO AS YOU ARE BID, and
SHUT THE DOOR AFTER YOU.

O R A T I O N.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

EVER since I have had the Honour to be a Sort of Mother, Nurse, or Guardian to this Great Metropolis, I have watched with unwearyed Diligence to discern the Fruits of my manifold Labours. And it is, Ladies and Gentlemen, a very sensible Satisfaction to me, to perceive that most Arts and Sciences have improved under my Influence, and that Taste itself has, in a Manner, been determin'd by my Management.

You may remember (and I hope Gratitude will never suffer you to forget) the great Improvements I have made in Music and Dancing. Most of the celebrated Performers of all Nations, I engag'd for your Use. SPOONATISSIMA, BOMBAZINA, BOMBASTO, and others, were imported by me ; and since that, all the rest have been imported by others : Yet it must be allowed that I led the Way, I brought the Taste in Vogue ; and to be the first of the Fashion, must give any Lady a sensible Satisfaction. But the Scene must now be revers'd : Fashion is founded upon Novelty ; and any one who would lead the Taste, must lead her thro' a Labyrinth of Variety.

MRS. MIDNIGHT'S

Foreign Performers are now grown so common, that the Quintessence of Fashion, *namely*, Novelty, is evaporated, lost, and dissipated, among the Crowd. Our very Coblers go to the Opera, and our Servants criticise between the Sounds (though not the Sense) of the *Italian* Singers and our own.——My Maid brought me my Chocolate this Morning with an [*Alla Spilletta*] *. Nay, so fond are the common People of apeing their Betters, and meddling with what don't concern them, that two Porters Yesterday disputed about the *Buffet Opera*, and would have laid down their Loads and fairly have box'd it out, had not my Chairmen interposed, and prevented them. Nor ought this at all to be wonder'd at ; for what is done by the Great, will be copy'd by the Vulgar : And I make no Doubt but it will be in my Power, as well as in that of any great Personage, to bring a Taste in Vogue, even more ridiculous than this ; for when we have fatiated ourselves Abroad, 'twill be high Time to seek for Entertainments at Home : And I make no Doubt but there are some Gentlemen in this Company will bear me Witness, that a Man may wander about till he likes his own House, aye, and his own Wife too, perhaps better than any other. The Consideration of which, induced me to seek

* Here Mrs. MIDNIGHT imitates the Cadence of an Italian Song.

out for a Band of Originals among my own Natives, who are now preparing to entertain you in the best Manner they can with an *English* Entertainment. And now I am speaking of Entertainments, give me Leave to say a Word or two in Favour of PANTOMIME.

The antient *Mimes* were those Sort of Players who had the Art of Speaking to the Audience without the Assistance of the Voice, and of telling their Story by the various Gesticulations of the Body. Thus, by addressing themselves to the Sight (the most pleasing and most perfect of all the Senses) they avoided giving any Disturbance to the Tympanum, or Drum of the Ear; and also afforded the Audience an Opportunity of talking (a Compliment we are all fond of.) This Art appeared so useful, and the Professors of it were so universally admired, that a Female *Mime* no sooner came upon the Stage, but she was snatch'd off by some Gentleman of Distinction. And this Custom of taking off the Stage, we see, is continued down to this our Day; notwithstanding the Art of *Mimery* and Dumbness among the Ladies has been so long totally neglected.

If the Ladies of the Stage are so amiable now, how infinitely more so would they appear, were they possess'd of this Talent of Taciturnity, and would do every Thing but talk. However disagreeable this dumb Doctrine may appear to

them, I'm confident 'tis their Interest to put it in Practice. And if, among the many Academies, we had one which was erected to teach People to say nothing, 'twould be of the greatest Service to Society, and be a Means of procuring and prolonging the valuable Blessing of Peace. As for my Part, Gentlemen, I'm determin'd to become a *Mime*, and I make no Doubt but I shall get rid of myself to some of you ; for I can't say but I think I have other Charms besides those of being silent ! Nor do I apprehend this Resolution of mine should at all excite your Wonder, as 'tis founded on true Philosophical Principles, and authorized by some who are among the Number of the Great.

For a Nod of the Head from a GOVERNOR, a Squeeze of the Hand from a COURTIER, a Lear of the Eye from a LOVER, or a Tap on the Shoulder from a BAILIFF, are all PANTOMIME TRICKS, practis'd to this Day.

P R O-

P R O L O G U E.

WHEN MARY MIDNIGHT first her Rostrum
rear'd,

No Opposition to her Scheme appear'd :
But when the Sunshine of the Public came,
And MARY MIDNIGHT grew a noted Name ;
A Herd of Heroes arm'd with *Tragic Rage*,
And form'd for Fight, were marshall'd on the
Stage,

To whom the Leader * of the Buskin'd Band,—
Here all draw forth, here let my Standard
stand ?

Shall I ! the Admiration of the Stage,
Submit to Female Impotence and Age,
Be brav'd thus by a Beldam and her Doxies,
And Play my LEAR, to empty Pit and Boxes !
Draw your Guns and Swords - - - - -

No the ULYSSES † of the Band reply'd,
By Fighting many a valiant Chief has dy'd ;
Let Wisdom weigh this mighty Matter first,
And don't thus swell as if with Spleen you'd
burst ?

You may remember, Sir, some Time agoe,
DAN FOOTE the Buskin, and the Sock put on,
And made indeed a most confounded Splutter ;
All drank his TEA, all eat his TOAST and
BUTTER,

* Mr. G——k.

† Mr M-----n.

And

And when the TEA and TOAST and all was
gone,

Then walk'd off FOOTE, as Master FOOTE
walk'd on:

Pox, of your Reasoning, says Sir *John*, * and
thinking,

Fell Enemies to Playing, Fighting, Drinking.
Levy your Legions, mighty Chiefs, I say,
And let us drink, and fight, and kill and slay;
I'll pepper the Old Jade's Pericranium so —
Hold, Hold, Sir *John*, † and do not strike a
Blow.

You would with her unequal Conflict hold,
Tho' fierce in Fight, for she can fight and
scold.

Then in comes HARRY ‡ with his jemmy
Switch,

Egad, Egad, I think she is a Witch,
That with her Sort of Charm, charms People's
Pence,

And cheats 'em with her Sort of Sort of Sense.
Jumping's my Trade, true Taste, and fills more
Houses,

Than all your dying Chiefs and weeping
Spouses.

Then in skips Monsieur RIGADOON § from
France,

You no love me, vat you no learn de Dance,

* Mr. Q——n. † Mr. R——n. ‡ Mr. W——d.
§ Mons. De F——e.

We Danceur be de Volk dat please de Town,
Then up a Singer * came, and knock'd him
down.

With that a Battle furiously began,
The Little Hero prov'd a mighty Man.
His well try'd Steel he dealt with sudden Force,
And ev'ry Chief translated to a Cor'se:
Heaps lay on Heaps, the slaughter'd and the
slain,
They drank, fought, dy'd,——then rose, fought,
dy'd again,
Until they all lay dead upon the Floor,
And then they very prudently gave o'er. —
As the poor Bird to some kind Covert flies,
To hide her from the Fowler's *Argus* Eyes;
Seeks in some calm Retreat a safe Repose,
And thus eludes the Thunder of her Foes;
So MARY MIDNIGHT from this Field of Fight,
For your Protection hither bends her Flight:
To you addresses ev'ry thing she's writ;
To you, the kind Encouragers of Wit.

* Mr. S——n.

One Instance of a Man's being honest.

SOME Time since, a Country Gentleman of good Understanding, but a little antiquated in his Dress and Deportment, walked into the Quadrangle of a College, in one of our famous Universities, to view the Building. His uncouth Garb drew round him several of the young Students, who, as they are too apt to misplace their Wit, as well as their Time and Money, began to banter, or, which is a more fashionable Word, to *humbug* the good old Gentleman, on Account of his Dress.

This was observed by a young Student, reading at one of the Windows, who perceiving that the poor old Gentleman was greatly embarrass'd, came down to his Relief. He rallied his Brother Students sufficiently, yet in a Manner, and with a Grace, that bespoke the Man of Sense and Politeness. He told them, their Behaviour was base, rude, and ungenerous, mean, and unmanly; that he was ashamed any of his Associates should be so remarkably depraved. That if they considered themselves as Scholars and Gentlemen, they should act consistently with that Character; but if they prefer'd the Name of Buffoon to that of a fine Gentleman, they had better change their Garb, and barter the Gown for a Coat of many Colours. At this they all departed, and most of them with seeming Concern; for Virtue will

will ever be secretly esteemed and admired, even by the most abandoned. After they were dispers'd, *Leontine* (for that was the young Gentleman's Name) took the Stranger by the Hand, desired that he would refresh himself with a Glass Wine, and at the same Time begg'd of him not to take any bad Impression of that University, from the rude Sample he had received. The good old Gentleman, without Hesitation, accepted of the Favour; and after he was sufficiently refreshed, *Leontine* shewed him every thing that was worthy his Notice in the University. By the Observations and Reflections which *Arcafo* made (for so we shall call the old Gentleman) *Leontine* found that he was a Man of exquisite Taste and Judgment, and of a chearful Disposition. What he had of the old Man in him appeared rather as a Foil to set off his other excellent Qualities; and notwithstanding the great Disparity in their Age, *Leontine* thought himself happy in his Acquaintance. As the Town was at that Time very full, and the Accommodations at the Inn but indifferent, *Leontine* entreated *Arcafo* to make use of his Apartment, during his Stay at the University; assuring him at the same Time, that it would be no Inconvenience, for that he had the Liberty of another Gentleman's Room, who was absent. Little Ceremony should be used between Gentlemen of Sense and Learning. The Business of Politeness is to render us agreeable, not troublesome; and therefore *Arcafo*

ro, after some little Hesitation, thankfully accepted the Favour. When he left the University he embraced *Leontine*, and gave him a strong Invitation to his Country Seat, which Request was soon after repeated by a Letter, attended with a considerable Present. *Leontine*, the next Vacation, returned the old Gentleman's Visit, and was received with all the tender Tokens of Friendship and Esteem. — At his first Entrance he was struck with the Splendor and Magnificence of the House, the Furniture, & the Attendants; and had the Pleasure to find that his Friend was a Man of much greater Consequence than he imagined. After the old Gentleman had talk'd some little Time to *Leontine*, and given him several affectionate Looks, and friendly Shakes of the Hand, he introduced him to his Daughter, who was indeed a Beauty inferior to none in that Country. After Dinner they took a Turn in the Garden, where *Leontine* was surprized to see how the Dædal Hand of Nature was improved by the Aid of Art. That every thing might wear the Face of Nature, all Exotics were excluded, to make Room for Plants of our own Growth. The Thorn, the Hasel, and even the Bramble, had a Place among the rest. There was a delightful and just Irregularity in the Trees, some whereof tower'd their Tops to the Clouds, while others humbly submitted to their Superiors, and bow'd themselves beneath their Branches.

Branches. His Statues were not placed at the Extremity of an Avenue, or to terminate a Walk, but hid themselves among the Trees and the Underwoods. Thus, by endeavouring, as it were, to conceal his Riches, *Arcaſto* made every thing more agreeable, and more ſuperb and grand. Thro' theſe Trees, loaded with Pippins and Pears, you might ſee *Pomona*. *Flora* had hid herſelf in a large Buſh of Roſes, Jeſſamin, and Honey-ſuckels; ſurrounded with Tulips, Pinks, and Carnations; *Sylvanus* was retired into a Thicket of Trees. *Diana*, out of Regard to her Chaſtity, was clothed ſo thick, you could hardly ſee her; and *Bacchus* was rejoicing under a Vine.

In the Middle of the Garden was a Sort of a Wilderneſs, or Thicket of Trees and Shrubs; where *Arcaſto*, at the Requeſt of this Daughter, (who was his only Child) had erected a little Hovel, in Form of a ruined Cottage. The Inſide of it was ſealed with Moſs, and the Outſide over-run with a thick Ivy, that afforded a ſafe Aſylum for the Birds, eſpecially the ſmaller Sort, which were ſeen in great Numbers, & were the only Inhabitants of the Place, except the young Lady Miſs *Clora*, who ſpent much of her Time with them; and had, by frequent feeding them, taught them to hop round her like ſo many tame Doves. Kindneſs and Conſtancy will tame the

fiercest Animals; and 'tis perhaps owing to our Cruelty, that we are abandoned by those agreeable Companions. While *Leontine* was admiring the Rusticity of the Hovel, and the Harmony of the Birds, *Clora* reached an Ivory Flagellet, and played several short Tunes, which, to *Leontine's* great Surprize, were repeated by some Bull-Finches, and imitated by other Birds. 'Twas impossible to enter this retired Place without being charmed, and especially with the Divine *Clora*, who had the Art of making every Thing surpassingly agreeable. *Leontine*, the Moment he saw her, was struck with Admiration, which, by *Clora's* good Sense, and engaging Behaviour, was soon converted into a violent Flame; which, however, he concealed, till he had Reason to believe, from the Manner in which she entertained him, and her Behaviour, that she herself was in the same Situation. There are certain indelible Characters in every Face, which, when compared with the Actions of the Party, will to a Nicety discover the Sentiments of the Heart: For, as a certain great General and Politician observes, 'tis much easier for a Man to command a large Army, than the Muscles of his own Face; and a Lady of *Clora's* good Sense must undoubtedly have drawn the same Conclusion of her Lover. *Leontine's* Honour, and the Friendship he bore to her Father, would not permit him to make any Advances without his Consent,

sent, which he endeavoured to ask, but was still intimidated by the Inequality of their Fortunes. A Man of Sense is never so much at a Loss for Words as in Matters of Love. *Arcaſto*, however, was a Gentleman of too much good Sense and Penetration, not to perceive from his Manner, and the Interruptions in his Discourse, that something of this Sort was labouring in his Breast; and, to relieve him from the Perplexity, and save him the Pain of a Blush, the old Gentleman asked him, if any Thing he was possessed of could make him happier? and generously bid him speak, without Fear or Ceremony. *Leontine* immediately unbosom'd himself; and good old *Arcaſto*, without making any Reply, led him by the Hand to *Clora*, who was at that Time in the Garden, and saluting her, said, *My dear Child, this is the only Gentleman in the World to whom I am ambitious of being related; and if you can approve of him for a Husband, 'twill greatly add to my Felicity; and then turning short, left them together.*

The Manner of *Arcaſto's* making this Proposal to his Daughter, (tho' it proceeded from Candour and Generosity, and was the Overflowings of his Friendship and Good-Nature) gave *Clora* some Reason to apprehend, that this Courtship was concerted between her Father and *Leontine* at their last Interview; and that the Passion the young Gentleman expressed for her, might not arise so much

much from a consideration of her personal merit, as her plentiful Fortune. She was therefore determined to be satisfied in this Point, before she gave *Leontine* any Hopes of Success; and, as they walked together in the Garden, she made no Reply to any thing he said for near an Hour: And before they left the Garden, as he earnestly entreated to know the Cause of her Grief, she fell upon her Knees, and begg'd of him, if he had the least Regard for her future Welfare, to forbear any farther Solicitations; adding withal, that this Refusal did not proceed from any Dislike she had to his Person or Character, but was in Consequence of her being previously engaged, unknown to her Father, to a young Gentleman who had been visiting in that Neighbourhood, and was then in *London*.— This was the severest Shock *Leontine* had ever felt. He stood motionless for some Time, and was unable to make her any Reply. At last, collecting all his Spirits, and Sentiments of Honour and Generosity, he told her, that whatever his Fate might be, his Love for her, and his Friendship for her good Father, would not permit him to attempt any thing that might give her a Moment's Uneasiness; and that he would not only decline his own Suit, but endeavour to obtain her Father's Consent for her to marry the Man to whom she was so solemnly engaged. — From this Time *Leontine* grew very pensive and melancholy, but did not forget his Promise to *Clora*; and having obtained her Father's Consent

sent for her to marry the Person she mentioned, he one Evening gave it her in the Garden, assuring her, at the same Time, that he therewith surrendered his Peace, and every Thing that was dear and valuable to him on Earth ; and after he had embraced her, retired with Precipitation. *Clora*, though she perceived him trembling and cold at the Time he left her, took t'other Turn in the Garden, to enjoy this ill-timed Artifice ; for she was under no Engagement to any one, but, on the contrary, was deeply enamour'd with *Leontine*, was determined to marry him, and only made Use of this Artifice, as I have already observed, to try his Affection. She enjoyed this the more, as it raised him in her Esteem, and convinced her of his Truth and Fidelity. But while she was thus heaping up Happiness to herself, her Father called to know what had been done, that *Leontine* should himself take his Horse out of the Stable and ride away, even after it was dark, without so much as taking Leave of him, or speaking to any of the Family. Here all the Woman was alarmed : Her Hopes of promis'd Joy and Pleasure vanished, and her whole Thoughts were now employ'd for the Recovery of the lost *Leontine*. To her Father she discover'd the whole Affair, who was greatly enraged at her Indiscretion, and much affected at the Loss of his Friend. Messengers were sent to all the Places in the Neighbourhood where they

they knew he was acquainted, and another dispatched to the University. Her Fears were yet more encreased and multiply'd by a violent Tempest which then arose, of the most terrible Thunder and Lightning, attended with both Hail and Rain, and which she supposed would overtake him before he could possibly get over the Plains. The Quarrel between her Father and she had render'd a separate Apartment necessary: There she remained inconsolable till the Messenger return'd, without any Tidings of *Leontine*, and then Hystericks confined her to her Bed. This brought on a Reconciliation with good old *Arcaſto*, who seeing his Daughter so ill, would not leave her Day nor Night, and impatiently waited to hear from *Leontine*. After they had remained in this perplexed and miserable State near a Fortnight, a Gentleman's Servant came one Morning, just as they had raised the poor Lady to give her a Jelly, with a Letter directed to Miss *Clora*, and to be deliver'd into her Hands only. The old Gentleman, when he saw the Letter, (concluding it must come from *Leontine*) sprung from his Chair with Joy; and, snatching it from the Servant, ran to *Clora*, kiss'd her, and put the Letter into her Hand. She, ready to devour it with Eagerness, cry'd out, *My Leontine! My Leontine!* And, breaking it open, after a short Pause, in which I perceived her Soul labouring with something too great for Utterance, cry'd, *Ah! his Will!--his Will!--*
and

and dy'd away. I was myself too much affected to observe how good old *Arcaſto* received this Shock ; and my Indisposition obliged me to leave the Room ; but in the Afternoon I had the Misfortune to hear, that the poor old Gentleman was confined to his Chamber, and attended by three Phyſicians ; and that the unhappy *Clora* had loſt the Uſe of her Reason, and rav'd to an amazing Degree. *Arcaſto's* Servant, from whom I had this melancholy Account, brought me alſo a Copy of the Letter, which occaſioned this woeful Scene of Diſtreſs.

E

EPI-

EPILOGUE

TO BRITANNIA'S TRIUMPH;

(A MASQUE.)

Performed at the LITTLE THEATRE, in the
HAY-MARKET, for the Benefit of
Mr. Gaudry and Mrs. Midnight.

OUR Author says, his Allegoric Meaning
Too obvious is, to need the least explain-
ing;

And, wou'd you think it? the conceited Rogue,
Declar'd at first he'd have no EPILOGUE:

His was, forsooth, a chaste and modest Muse,
She scorn'd to deal in Scandal or Abuse:
His Piece was neither Lie, Lampoon nor Satire;
He'd therefore trust your Candour and Good-
Nature.

Fine Notions truly; but these Bards you know,
Are the most stubborn Creatures here below:
I told him, and I think I told him true,
That all these dull Heroics would not do;
You love, I know, a little Mirth and Fun,
To crown the laughing Minutes as they run;
And, I confess, I'm of the laughing Crew,
Still for Variety, for something new:
I hate this stupid, this pedantic Friction,
This Heathen Medley of plain Contradiction.

Give

Give me a Piece of SPIRIT, PATHOS, PASSION,
PLOT, INCIDENT, INTRIGUE, RECRIMINA-
TION,

Here's nothing new, no Jest that's smart and
witty,

Against the Court, the Country, or the City ;
Nothing but *Roman* antiquated Notions,
Of Public Spirit, and such bitter Potions.
Pleasure's the Business now, a silly Creature,
Who for Instruction visits the Theatre ?

A moral Drama, like a tedious Sermon,
Is but a Sort of *Gothic* Way to charm one.
For once a Week you make a shift to set it,
'Tis very pretty, but you soon forget it.

But hold—I gallop on, and play the rogue,
And all this while forget my EPILOGUE.—
Deep in his Den, obscur'd from open Day,
E'er while supine the BRITISH LION lay,
'Till rous'd by *Gallia's* restless boundless Pride,
And bold Encroachments, thus the MONARCH
cry'd,

I'll bear these Insults, these Assaults no more ;
And all the Forest trembled at his Roar.
The Sons of BRITAIN caught the genial Sound,
They fought, they conquer'd, were in Arms re-
nown'd ;

Reviv'd the fading lustre of their Name,
And shew'd the World they were not lost to
Fame.

Now then while VICTORY displays her Charms,
And crowns each Moment your successful Arms,

Unite, support, pursue the sacred Plan,
 Assert your Liberties while now you can :
 So shall the Name of BRITAIN once again
 Be fear'd and honour'd : The historic Pen
 Shall dwell with Rapture on each sacred Name,
 And BRITAIN from this Æra date her Fame.
 Th' admiring World, with Wonder shall survey,
 In ev'ry Clime her Ensigns boldly play :
 And FRANCE now humbl'd, shall behold with
 Pain,
 Another conquering GOD-LIKE MONMOUTH
 reign.

P R O L O G U E

On Mrs. MIDNIGHT'S ORATORY.

IN ev'ry Sphere, in ev'ry Age we find,
 The Love of Novelty distracts Mankind ;
 The Old, the Young, the Rich, the Poor we see,
 All court this Idol, DEAR VARIETY :
 With the like Passions fir'd, the *Love of Change*,
 From Sport to Sport, from Scene to Scene they
 range :

And hence in earliest Times the active Mind,
 New Modes of Entertainment strove to find ;
 And hence have risen in this trifling Age,
 The many Monsters that disgrace the Stage :

To

To please this Passion has been led in Trammels,

Stupendous Dromedaries and lofty Camels ;
 From farthest *India* Reptiles have been brought,
 And *Egypt* for new Wonders have been sought :
 Here struts the Ostrich, there the Crocodile
 Commands your Wonder, from the Banks of
Nile :

Birds, Beasts, Trees, Insects, croud the vary'd
 Scene,

Led and assum'd by mimic HARLEQUIN.

But now grown stale — some other Change they
 seek,

And the new Method is to make him speak :
 His Mouth was open'd, and the Theme that
 flew,

Was Wit, was Satire, but it would not do. —

Nor less this Caprice moves the subject Stage,

'Tis Folly now, and Madness rules the Age.

Here one on Horseback gallops on his Head ;

Another on the *Glasses* plays for Bread ;

And *Zucker* too his Fooleries must play,

To pass an idle lagging Hour away.

To please this Love of Novelty so dear,

To all Mankind fresh Prodigies appear.—

On slender Wires the bold Advent'ers walk :

Dogs and Canary-Birds are learnt to talk ;

Dwarfs, Giants, Cripples, are expos'd to View,

And all alike divert you while they 're new.

In short, the Plan so often has been varied,

So many Schemes been try'd, and all miscarried,

That

That scarcely now another Change remains,
In Words, in Music, or Dramatic Strains :
Yet fearless we, on your known Candour trusting,
Our old Conceits in new Attire adjusting,
Once more resolve on this promiscuous Sea
To launch our little Bark, on your Decree
To trust our Fortunes, and we hope no less,
Than kind Acceptance, and assur'd Success.

O R A -

O R A T I O N.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

THE Business of the ensuing Discourse is to prove and illustrate the Necessity of a Man's carrying his Judgment to Market with him; and to have his Head fraught with the Rule of Enquiry, and Scale of Satisfaction.— Surely the Critics ought to be furnish'd with it; and yet how often do we see those Creatures frequent Taverns, Play-Houses, & other Places of public Resort, and behave in a Manner unworthy a rational Being.

In ev'ry Age, and each Profession,
Men err the most by Prepossession;
But when the Thing is fully known,
Fully stated, clearly shewn,
We soon applaud what we deride,
And Penitence succeeds to Pride.
A certain BARON on a Day,
Having a Mind to shew away,
Invited all the Wits and Wags,
(*Foot, Massy, Shuter, Yates, and Sneggs*)
And built a large commodious Stage,
For the *Choice Spirits* of the Age.
But above all, amongst the rest,
There came a *Genius*, who profess,

To

To have a curious Trick in Store,
That never was perform'd before.
Thro' all the Town this soon got Air,
And the whole House was like a Fair:
But soon his Entry as he made,
Without or Prompter or Parade;
'Twas all Expectance, all Suspence,
And Silence gag'd the Audience:
He hid his Head behind his Wig,
And so exact took off a Pig,
All swore 'twas serious, and no Joke,
For that, or underneath his Cloak,
He had conceal'd some grunting Elf,
Or was a real Hog himself.
A Search was made, no Pig was found;
With thund'ring Claps the Seats rebound,
And Pit, and Box, and Gall'ry roar,
With O rare Bravo, Bravo & encore.
Old *Roger Growse*, a Country Clown,
Who yet knew something of the Town,
Beheld the Mimic and his Whim,
And on the Morrow challeng'd him;
Declaring to each Beaux and Bunter,
That he'd out-grunt th' egregious Grunter.
The Morrow came, the Crowd grew
greater,
But Prejudice, and rank Ill-Nature,
Usurp'd the Minds of Men and Wenches,
Who came to hiss and break the Benches.
The Mimic took his usual Station,
And squeak'd with general Approbation:

Again

Again Encore, Encore, they cry,
 'Tis quite the Thing, 'tis very high. —
 Old *Growse* conceal'd, amidst this Racket,
 A real Pig beneath his Jacket;
 Then forth he came, and with his Nail
 He pinch'd the Urchin by the Tail;
 The tortur'd Pig, from out his Throat,
 Produc'd the genuine nat'ral Note.
 All bellow'd out, 'Twas very sad;
 Sure never Stuff was half so bad.
 That like a Pig! each cry'd in Scoff;
 Pfaw! Nonsense! Blockhead! Damn it! *Off,*
off, off.

The *Mimic* was extoll'd, and *Growse*
 Was hiss'd, and *cat-call'd* from the House.
 Soft ye: A Word before I go,
 Quoth honest *Hodge*, and stooping low,
 Produc'd the Pig, and thus aloud,
 Bespoke the stupid, partial Crowd:

BEHOLD, AND LEARN FROM THIS POOR CREA-
 TURE,
 HOW MUCH YOU CRITICS KNOW OF NATURE.

F

OCCA-

OCCASIONAL
PROLOGUES.

*Mrs. MIDNIGHT enters with a WHISTLE,
or CAT-CALL.*

'TIS strange this little, trifling Bauble
here,

Shou'd raise such Havock in the Poet's Ear ;
Shou'd, like a Peal of Thunder, strike him
dead,

And send his Children supperless to Bed ;
O all ye Sages, Learn from this small Thing,
What great Effects from little Causes spring :
Know hence what Baubles o'er these Realms
prevail ;

And by your Honour's Leave here comes a
Tale :

Apollo and the *Muses* t'other Day,
Were at a Fiddling-Match prepar'd to play,
When, by a Whirlwind, or by Stress of Wea-
ther,
One of these *Whimwams* * was convey'd up thi-
ther ;

All the whole Band a peeping round it came,
Yet none could tell its Use, or know its Name :
Some said it was a *Pipe* for a Decoy,
And some, that 'twas a little *Master's Toy* :
But sneering *Momus* being there by Chance,
Who'd made the Tour of *Britain* and of *France*,

* Here she blows the CAT-CALL.

Told 'em, 'twas what the *Bucks* of this wise Age
Had form'd to fright the *Muses* from the Stage:
At which *Erato* in a Passion flew,

" Fright us! says she, Fright those they never
" knew!

" Why; what for Years they've written and
" have said,

" Has been without our Influence or Aid:

" And this the Poets too methinks excuses,

" For how can Mortals write without the *Muses*."

" 'Tis mighty strange, quoth Ma'am *Terpsichore*,

" That People at such Distance can't agree."

As poor *Melpomene* stood washing by,

The Tragic Tale drew Tears from either Eye:

She wept, storm'd, stamp'd, like one that's raving
mad,

And tore in twain the only *Shift* she had.

Urania, sick to see the other weep,

Tipt off her Noggin, and fell fast asleep.

And *Clio* smoaking by the Fire Side,

Let drop her Pipe, fell back, and almost dy'd.

The other Four were so concern'd, 'tis said,

They took a Dram apiece, and went to Bed.

On which *Apollo* rose with angry Look,

And thus he spoke, while all the Temple shook,

" Go, Let your *Rich's* || and your *Garrick's* †
know,

" That I'll take Vengeance, if they serve me so.

|| Late Manager of Covent Garden Theatre.

† Manager of Drury-Lane.

" Shall I become a Laugh for Cits and Spouses?
 " Not I indeed! *A Pox of both your Houses.* —
 " Here, *Mercury*, Fetch my basket-hilted Sword,
 " To all my sacred Sisters lend thy Word;
 " Go, Fetch my Bludgeon, Blunderbuss & Gun,
 " And bring my new Jack-boots, and draw 'em
 on;
 " Send *Pegasus* to *Vulcan* to be shod,
 " And take this Six-pence, here, and pay the
 " God.
 " Let all be ready by the Break of Day,
 " For when the Dawn is up we'll post away:
 " I'll pop on 'em from the *Zodiac* reeking,
 " And set them all a squalling and a squeaking."
 Then, O ye Critics! Whence so'er ye come,
 Be it from *Knightsbridge*, or from *Islington*,
 Tell him, to ask his Pardon you assemble;
 And when you see him, *Tremble, tremble, tremble.*

P R O L O G U E.

NOW, Songs of Triumph gladden ev'ry
 Ear;
 Now, smiling Conquests gild the opening Year;
 Now, *British* Chiefs with ancient Ardour glow,
 And hurl Destruction on the trembling Foe:
 O'er Earth and Sea extend her wide Domain,
 And *Britain's* Genius now can smile again;
Elate

Elate with Hope, foresees the rising Dawn,
Of Patriot's Glories in a Race unborn.

Rous'd from their Lethargy, again I see,
My *Britons* still can fight, and dare be free :
With native Strength can give the Nations Law,
And keep despotic Tyranny in Awe.
Such are the Fruits of prudent Plans, pursu'd
With honest Vigour, for *Britannia's* Good :
Support those Measures ? Oh ! Protect her still,
From timid Counsels, and from Party Zeal ?
Let Faction, hence, uplift her Head no more,
And banish Discord from this happy Shore ?
So shall each hostile Foe submit at length,
For Unanimity is *Britain's* Strength :
So shall the Wand'rer PEACE return again,
With " COMMERCE crown'd, and GLORY in her
Train : "

Then shall the *rougher Passions* all subside,
And *gentle Love* shall in his Turn preside :
The *British Beauties* shall their Empire claim,
Who fir'd her Youth with the Pursuit of Fame :
The Hero then, who, in his Country's Cause,
Fought for her *Rights*, her *Liberties*, and *Laws*,
In sweet Oblivion shall his Dangers drown,
And *Love* and *Glory* all his Toil shall crown.

P R O-

P R O L O G U E.

AS the Economist, when Shoes grow bare,
Tacks on new Soles to mend the tatter'd
Pair,
So these poor Folks, on that known Truth de-
pending,
(For they are always a cobling and mending)
Apply'd themselves to me the other Day,
To Fore-piece with a PROLOGUE their old Play :
But what to say, (Faith, I must scratch my Head
for't)

Oh ! 'tis a Conversation at the *Bedford*. *

JACK MEADOW enters - - -

Well ; Have you heard the News ? Who have
you seen ?

Why Mother MIDNIGHT mounts her Tub
again,

- - - With *Pags* and *Skeggs*,
And Hundreds more with wooden Heads and
Legs.

Then up starts *Jerry Buck*,

- - - Zounds, Does the Devil dare ?

Here *Tom*, *Will*, *Harry*, let's go have a Stare.

Ay, quoth the Poet, let the Fools away ;

Puppies, they would not go so far to see a Play.

Not if you wrote it ? quoth a Brother near,

And then tipt off his Coffee with a Sneer.

* A Tavern so called.

When pretty *Jemmy Jessamy* comes in,
 His Hair twirl'd up with Papers and with Pins :
 " Here Boy," " Here Sir," " Why where's
 " young *Bucky* gone ? "

" To the *Oratory*, Sir, to see some Fun. "

" Now *Pax* upon't, who dare go there ?

" The Crowd's so great, they all uncurl one's
 " Hair.

" Bring some *Orgeat*, and see what is to pay ;"
 Then takes his Snuff,---and takes himself away.
 A queer old Fellow in the Corner sat,
 Whose twisted Brow foretold what he'd be at ;
 Fell Envy pictur'd in his Face was seen,
 And all his Countenance was hung with Spleen.
 He hawk'd and spit, then scribb'l'd with his Pen,
 Fetch'd three deep Groans, then hawk'd and spit
 again.

And thus the Critic spoke, " Pox-take all Stuff,

" Of such-like Trumpery, I've seen enough ;

" Of Apes and Dribblers I am tir'd quite,

" All Sense is center'd in the Stagarite."

At which *Jack Meggot* in a Passion flew,

" Not stagger right ! 'Sblood, Sir, Damme,

" who are you ?

" I stagger right or wrong, as I think fit,

" Ye Fools, ye ha'nt a single Grain of Wit."

Old Tear-text could not bear this harsh Rebuff,

And so they took a Turn at Kick and Kuff.

Where, if you please, we'll leave those doughty
 Men,

And turn to these our tatter'd Crew again.

Who

Who're low in Pocket, and deprest in Spirit,
Who've little Money,--and as little Merit:
Whose Wants being many, and whose Hunger
great,
Do humbly hope you'll suffer them to eat.

Mrs. MIDNIGHT'S Loyal Oration.

TH E present Concurrence of Circumstances being so extremely solicitous, it will be naturally expected that I should at this Time say something about them; and I must confess there is no Subject of Contemplation, wherein I could ruminate with so much Pleasure. I need not, Gentlemen and Ladies, I am sensible I need not, enlarge on the happy Prospect that now lies before you. Your own Hearts will naturally suggest every Thing that can be urged on the Occasion: But I cannot help indulging that Propensity of talking, so natural to an old Woman, when so fair an Occasion presents itself: Besides, you are sensible that to be dumb now, when the most inveterate Party Spleen is ush'd to Silence, would be indeed tacitly to repine at the Prosperity of my Country; the Interest of which, I will be bold to say, no Woman is more warmly concerned for, or more deeply interested in. No Body has a deeper Sense of the Obligations we owe to Providence for our present Blessings, and for our future Prosperity,

Prosperity, than myself; Nobody more heartily wishes (and Nobody would more willingly contribute towards) the Support of them.

It is the peculiar Felicity of these Kingdoms, that while involved in a destructive and expensive War, we enjoy Peace at Home, while all *Europe* are distress'd with intestine Quarrels. While Nations against Nations rise in Arms, we behold our Fields crown'd with Plenty, our Gardens yielding Fruit, our Flocks multiplying; while no rapacious Hand invades the Security, or disturbs the natural OEconomy of the Peasant's Labour. Our Commerce increasing, our Navy tremendous, and amidst the Ruin, the Devastation of War, the Polite Arts flourishing amongst us: These, I say, are Blessings no former Age can give Precedents of; and these, therefore, demand the highest Gratitude, as arising from the immediate Influence of a benevolent and all-wise Disposer.

It is the peculiar Felicity of this Kingdom, that at a Time when publick Spirit was almost extinguished amongst us, when the Animosity and Intemperance of Faction had enervated (and indeed almost obliterated the Remembrance of) *British* Courage; when our Enemies, taking Advantage of our Weakness, had encroached on the antient Rights and Liberties of our Kingdom; and, emboldened by the Timidity and Depravity of our Pilots, threaten'd our Coast with Invasions, and insulted us in our very Har-

bours, when we were ready to sink under the Weight of our own Apprehensions, and called on Foreign Mercenaries to defend us from their Insults ; that there was yet one Statesman left, who had Courage enough to stem the Torrent, Honesty enough to oppose the Danger, Prudence enough to guide the tottering Helm ; Patriotism enough, in spite of all Opposition, to pursue the arduous Task ; and Address enough to conciliate all Parties ; and produce that happy Harmony, that can alone preserve, secure, and establish the Peace, the Welfare, and Glory of these opulent Kingdoms.

It is our peculiar Happiness, that when the Countenance of superior Power is so absolutely necessary to the Encouragement of such a Genius, that we are bless'd with a truly Patriot, *British* King ; a King who glories in his being born and educated among you ; a King, in whom the early Dawn of Virtue promises the most plentiful Harvest of ripe and perfect Fruit ; under whose divine Auspices, the Arts and Sciences, the Muses and the Graces, hope to flourish.

If we survey the History of past Times, Gentlemen and Ladies, we shall not, in the Annals of this, or perhaps any other Kingdom, find a Period of Time, in which so many concomitant Circumstances have concurred to flatter the Hope of a free, a brave, and a united People. Are we vain ; Have we not Victories to feed our Vanity ?

nity? Are we ambitious; Doth not our Conquests render us in a Manner the Arbiters of *Europe*? Are we avaritious; Doth not our extensive and successful Commerce promise us Riches in Abundance? Are we well inclin'd and dispos'd to be virtuous; Have we not an Example on the Throne of real Piety, Prudence, and Sagacity, sufficient to rouse an Emulation in the most abandon'd Sensualist? Let us not therefore overlook these great Advantages, and convert to Scourges the Blessings of Heaven?

Let us consider, Gentlemen, the Blood that has been spilt, and the Treasure that has been squander'd by the wanton Ambition, or weak Misconduct, of former Kings. One wades thro' Seas of Blood, to seize the Throne at the Expence not only of his youthful Sovereign's Life, but the Lives also of all those allied in Consanguinity to him, and even of the Tools of his own Ambition. Another wantonly wastes the Treasure his Father's Mercenaries had extorted from the oppressed Subjects, in idle Shews and Pageants in the Plains of *Arden*. Nay, we are sensible, that he not only wasted his Treasure in Shews of that Kind, but in Midnight Revels in Taverns and brothel Houses. Witness the Time when, after losing his Money, Jewels, and what else of Value he could then accumulate, he play'd away the great Bells of *St. Paul's Cathedral*, and the fine Brazen Image of that Saint, that stood on the Spire, which were the next Day

taken down, and and sold by Auction. Your own Ideas, Gentlemen, will present Instances enough to convince you how infinitely the Scale of Happiness preponderates on our Sides, in Comparison with the Felicity of our Predecessors. Indeed, all Human Happiness is merely comparative. Let the Afflicted, for Instance, compare his Misery with that of others, that hourly surround him, and he will naturally exult in not being quite so miserable as he might have been. But these Reflections are too serious, too gloomy, and rather draw our Attention from the main Point. The Contemplation of the innumerable Blessings with which in these latter Days it has pleased Providence to surround us; Blessings which demand the warmest Acknowledgments that can transpire from Human Breasts.

It is not, Gentlemen, that I imagine any here want to be reminded of their felicitous Situation: But I cannot, as I before said, withstand the natural Propensity of old Age, which is always loquacious; since indeed, from my Youth upwards, so good an Opportunity hath never before presented itself.

The Spirit of Party, now extinguish'd by Reason, and obliterated by Divine Harmony, no longer disgraces the Solemnity, or enervates the Resolutions of a *British* Senate: The Claims that Wisdom suggest, Unanimity promotes, and Courage executes, to the Glory of the *British* Nation,

tion, long revered for martial Prowess, and for Patriot Zeal. I cannot, my dear Countrymen, sufficiently congratulate you on these various, these united Blessings, which in Fact exceed the boasted Felicity of the *Augustan* Age : Nor can I help reminding you of the entire Approbation every Body express'd at the late Exhibitions of the Polite Arts, to see the Sciences in so flourishing a Condition, which must afford to every honest *Briton* a sensible Satisfaction ; must give him a lively Hope, that hereafter his Countrymen shall be valued for those Accomplishments which we have long admired in the antient Schools of *Greece* and *Rome*, or in the more modern ones of *Italy* or *Flanders*. When we consider the Humour of a *Hogarth*, the Gracefulness of a *Reynolds*, the Justness of a *Ramsay*, can we any longer regret the Loss of a *Carracci*, a *Rubens*, or a *Vandyke* ? While we have a *Roubiliac*, or a *Wilton*, can we any longer gaze with Wonder on an useless Bust, or idolize the broken Remains of an antient Statue ?---Be just, my Countrymen, be just to the Merit of your own Days ; nor blindly follow the Infatuation of false Taste, through the perplexing Labyrinths of dark Antiquity.

Though I am fearful the Length and Gravity of this my Oration may have tired your Patience, I must not, Gentlemen and Ladies, take my Leave of you, without saying something on that late awful Solemnity, the Coronation of
our

our good and gracious King ; as I cannot in Silence pass over the sensible Pleasure which the Eagerness of all Kind of People to see it, has afforded me ; since every one must draw from it a favourable Omen ; it being, in my Opinion, a presumptual Proof of their Affection to the most deserving Sovereign that perhaps ever ascended the *British* Throne. I hope, however, it was not the Pageantry of a Procession that excited their Curiosity, but a Desire of encreasing the Dignity and Grandeur of that awful Ceremony ; which has, in the most solemn Manner, united his and his Subjects Hearts, Interests, and Affections ; which, I hope, will never be disunited ; and I doubt not but you all heartily concur in the same good Wish.

Surrounded, as he is, with every Power, every Opportunity of gratifying his Passions and Appetites, what Commendations are not due to so early and so steady an Attachment to Virtue and Religion ? May we not flatter ourselves that Vice and Immorality will be henceforth ashamed to stalk Abroad in open Day ? They must, they will : So good an Example cannot but produce a glorious Reformation.

To heighten this Scene of almost incredible Felicity, *Hymen* too has lighted up his Torch ; with purer Rays it blazes round the Throne : And nothing now is wanting but the sweet Seraph *Peace*, to crown and to compleat our Joy. Oh ! may she soon return ! May Plenty, Ease, and

and Virtue, trace her Foot-steps ; and Glory, as a Hand-maid, hold her Train ! May this Felicity endure for Ages ! May the Name of BRITAIN ever shine in the Records of Fame ; and that Harmony, which distinguishes the Beginning of the present auspicious Reign, still continue to make it esteem'd now, and rever'd hereafter.—To this End, every honest *Briton* will clap his Hand upon his Heart, and say with me, GOD SAVE THE KING.

ORA-

O R A T I O N.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

EVER since I entered on my Public Ministry, the Public Good, and the Public Amusement, have been the constant Objects to which all my Labours have tended.—I have endeavoured to support, encourage, and recommend *Virtue*: I have maintain'd open and relentless War with *Vice*: I have treated Folly with Pity, Affectation with Scorn, & Indecency with Indignation: I have laugh'd at the Wits, bantered the Critics, and out-star'd the Bucks:—Nay, I have even attempted to reform the Players; and to drive from the Stage the many Vices that disgrace it.—I have endeavour'd for ever to banish from it the swinging of the Arms, and sawing the Air with the Hands.—The loud tremendous Rant, that out *Herod's Herod*, and splits the Ears of the groundlings; the dull, crawling Monotony; the insipid Tameness which lulls the Audience to Sleep; the empty unmeaning Stare, with all the stale Tricks and Devices to gain Applause, by hackney'd, often repeated Starts, nodding of Plumes, and rattling of Chains, instead of that Propriety of Feature, which should
inform

inform and animate the Countenance ; and lastly, that pitiful Ambition of gaining the Roar of the Million, by speaking more than is set down for them, and usurping the Place of the Author's Sense with their own stupid Jest.

Then *starts*, and *struts*, and *twists*, and *Lungs* supply,

The Want of Nature, Sense, and Energy.—

In short, to use the Words of *Fancy's* sweetest Child, I have held, as 'twere, the Mirror up to Nature,—shew'd *Virtue* her own Feature, *Scorn* her own Image, and the very Age and Body of *Time*, his Form and Pressure. — All this I have done : But alas ! like Reformers of a higher Class, and more respectable Character, I fear I have but little Reason to boast of my Success : Like them, therefore, I must give Way to that Torrent which I could not stem, and rest satisfy'd with the Consciousness of having intended well, and exerted my utmost Abilities for the Service of the Public : The Orations which I have had the Honour to pronounce before this Audience, and which you have condescended to honour with your Applause, owed their principal Merit (it becomes me to think) to the Novelty of the Manner, and the Uncommonness of the Subject ; yet even that Merit they have lost by the Frequency of their Repetition. 'Twere therefore to put your Patience to too severe a Trial, to request your farther Attention to them ; but as I

H

feel

feel the same Desire of entertaining you, I greatly lament the Want of fresh Matter; I will however once more ransack my Pocket-Book, to see if any unbroach'd Topic yet remains for your Amusement.—Let me see—*Actors—Actresses—Critics*—No:—*Tea-pot—Bucks—Nobody*—I believe I have hit upon it—LOVE and MATRIMONY! What say ye, Ladies? However stale the Subject may be, at least 'tis new from me: But what to say upon it; *Ay, that's the Question.*—Old and wither'd as I appear, I yet can now remember the ripened Bloom of haughty, dear, insolent *Eighteen*, with all its little Train of panting, throbbing Joys and Wishes.—'Twas then the flattering World, as Lady *Townly* says, had talk'd me me into Beauty, which at my Glass my youthful Vanity confirmed.

How richly were my Noon-tide Trances hung,
With gorgeous Tapestries of pictur'd Joys!

Joy behind Joy, in endless Perspective.

That sly Deceiver *Love* soon found an easy Entrance to my fond unpractis'd Heart.—O Ladies, had you known my *Casimer*! He was a Man, take him for all in all: I ne'er shall look upon his Like again.

Proud of his Smiles—ambitious of his Praise,
My Charms with little Arts I sought to raise.
Unconscious of the secret Cause I sigh'd,
The struggling Sighs unconscious strove to hide;
His melting Murmurs with Attention heard,
And *Casimer* and *Love*—to Peace preferr'd.

“ But

“ But of them, as of a Joy long lost, think we no more.”

The Moralists tell us true, that when an Equality of Age and Condition, a Sameness of Taste, good Sense, a Sweetness of Temper, a mutual Love and Esteem, with a Competency of Wealth, concur, then the Marriage State is a Paradise of Sweetness, and promises a more refin'd, unmix'd Happiness, than any Condition on this Side Heaven.——But

When Souls that shou'd agree to will the same,
Look different Ways regardless of each other,
Think what a Train of Misery ensues ;
Love shall be banish'd from the genial Bed,
And ev'ry Day shall be a Day of Cares.

Indeed we sometimes see such preposterous Matches take Place, such opposite Tempers, such different Dispositions, joined in *Hymen's* Bands, that it is impossible to guess at the Motive which brought them together ; and we are apt to conclude, that *Choice* had no Share in the Connection, but that it was the casual Effect of blind *Chance*, or the unavoidable Decree of fatal *Destiny*.—When such Things happen, we stand for some Time astonish'd ; but soon recover from our Surprise, and solve (or think we solve) the Difficulty, by that wise Adage in every one's Mouth,—*Love is blind*.—Why the Fact is true : Love is indeed blind ; but how came he to be so, or how this Circumstance is applicable

to the Subject in Hand, & explains the Case.—Not] one in a Thousand knows; but I know:—And as I was born to instruct Mankind, I will inform you.—Thus it was then: One Day *Love*, &c.—Hold!—No! This will never do.—You have already had, I fear, too much of my dull Prose! So I'll give it you in Rhyme.

Deep in a Shade one sultry Day,
Folly and *Love* together lay;
 E're *Beauty* yet was bought or sold,
 Or *Merit* overlook'd for Gold;
 When *faithful Love* was *Virtue's* Prize,
 And *Cupid* saw with both his Eyes,
Folly surpriz'd upon the Ground,
Love's Bow and Quiver scatter'd round;
 In wanton Play she aim'd the Arrows,
 Now shot at Clouds, and now at Sparrows;
 At length to *Love* a Shaft there flies,
 And pierc'd at once thro' both his Eyes.
 Aloud the God in Anguish cry'd,
 Aloud the frighted Wood reply'd;
 Too well the Voice fair *Venus* knew,
 To Earth with anxious Speed she flew;
 Soft in her Lap the God she laid,
 And *Folly* bound to Heav'n convey'd:
 At once she rous'd the heavenly Throng,
 The Mother's Passion arm'd her Tongue:
 She wept, intreated, storm'd, and pray'd,
 Each moving Circumstance display'd:

The

The simple Pris'ner own'd th' Offence,
Could not allow the least Defence ;
Confess'd his Fault,—but 'twas not meant :
Her usual Plea—'Twas Accident.
The Gods in awful Counsel weigh'd,
What Plaintiff—what Defendant said :
Cupid had lost his Eyes, no Doubt,
And *Folly* own'd she put them out ;
At length this final Doom was given,
And stands recorded still in Heaven :
“ By *Folly*'s Crime since *Love* is blind,
“ Be *Folly*'s Care to *Love* consign'd :
“ His constant Guide she still must go,
“ Direct his Hand, and string his Bow.”
Thus if we see an aukward Flame,
It is not *Cupid* we should blame :
Does *Love* inspire a *Miser*'s Heart,
Depend on't *Folly* aim'd the Dart.
Sometimes, indeed, the *Cyprian* Queen,
To Mortals kind, will intervene,
At Distance drive the senseless Elf,
And bend the Golden Bow herself :
'Tis then in *Hymen*'s Band appear,
The beauteous Form and Heart sincere,
Then are in equal Bonds allied,
The warlike Youth and beauteous Bride.

The

The FABLE of the BAG-WIG and
TOBACCO-PIPE.

A BAG-WIG, of a *jantee* Air,
Trick'd out with all a Barber's Care,
Loaded with Powder and Perfume,
Hung in a Spendthrift's Dressing-Room;
And near its Side, by Chance convey'd,
A black TOBACCO-PIPE was laid,
That with its Vapours far and near,
Out-stunk the *Essence* of *Monsieur*.
At which enrag'd, the Thing of Hair,
Thus bristling up, began, "Declare,
" Bak'd Dirt, that with Intrusion rude,
" Breaks in upon my Solitude;
" And with thy foetid Breath defiles
" The Air for forty thousand Miles:
" Avaunt! Pollution's in thy Touch:
" O barb'rous *English*! horrid *Dutch*!
" Hideous! I cannot bear it: Here; *Sue*, *Nan*,
" Go, Call the Maid, to call the Man;
" And bid him come without Delay,
" To take this odious PIPE away:
" Again! Egad, 'twould vex a Saint;
" *Susan*, the Drops, or else I faint?
" Sure some one hath smoak'd thee, Friend,
" Revers'dly at the other End.
" A most unnatural Combination,
" Enough to marr all Perspiration."

The

The PIPE (for 'twas a *Pipe of Soul*)
Raising himself upon his Bowl,
In Smoke, like Oracles of old,
Did thus his Sentiments unfold :

- “ Why what’s the Matter, Goodman Swagger,
“ Thou flaunting, *French* fantastic Bragger,
“ Whose whole fine Speech is with a Pox,
“ Ridiculous and Heterodox :
“ ’Twas better for the *English* Nation,
“ Before such Scoundrels came in Fashion :
“ When none sought *Hair* in Realms unknown,
“ But ev’ry Blockhead wore his own :
“ Know, Puppy, I’m an *English* Pipe,
“ Deem’d worthy of each *Briton*’s Gripe,
“ And am when sober, and when mellow,
“ An upright, downright, honest Fellow.
“ Tho’ Fools, like you, may think me rough,
“ And scorn me, ’cause I am in Buff ;
“ Yet their Contempt I glad receive,
“ ’Tis all the Praise that you can give :
“ None Foppery or Finery prize,
“ But those who’ve something to disguise ;
“ For simple Nature hates Abuse,
“ And Plainness is the Dress of Use.”

The

The TEA-POT & SCRUBBING-BRUSH,

A F A B L E.

A Taudry TEA-POT *Alamode*,
 Where Art her utmost Skill had shew'd,
 Was much esteem'd for being old;
 And on its Sides in Red and Gold,
 Strange Beasts were drawn, in Taste *Chinese*,
 With frightful Fish, and hump-back'd Trees:
 High in an elegant Beaufet,
 This pompous Utensil was set;
 And near it, on a Marble Slab,
 Forsaken by some dirty Drab,
 A Vet'ran SCRUBBING-BRUSH was plac'd,
 And the rich Furniture disgrac'd.
 The TEA-POT soon began to lout,
 And thus it's Venom spouted out,
 " Who, from the Scullery or Yard,
 " Brought in this low, this vile Blackguard,
 " And plac'd in insolent Position,
 " Among us People of Condition?
 " Back to the Helper in the Stable,
 " Clean a Joint-Stool, or Wash-House Table:
 " Go scour a Horseing-block, or Plank,
 " Nor dare approach us Folk of Rank.
 " Turn, Brother *Coffee-Pot*, your Spout,
 " Observe the nasty stinking Lout,
 " Who seems to scorn my Indignation,
 " Nor pays due Homage to my Fashion.
 " Take,

- " Take, Sister *Sugar-Dish*, a View,
 " And, Cousin *Cream-Pot*, so do you."
 " Pox on you all," (replies old *Scrub*)
 " Of *Coxcombs*, you confed'rate Club;
 " Full of Impertinence, and Prate,
 " You hate all Things that are sedate;
 " None but such ignorant Infernals,
 " Can boast Experience and Externals:
 " Train'd up in Toil and useful Knowledge,
 " I'm FELLOW of the *Kitchen-College*,
 " And with the *Mop*, my old Associate,
 " The Family Affairs negotiate;
 " Am Foe to Filth, and Things obscene,
 " Dirty, by making others clean:
 " Not shining, yet I cause to shine,
 " My Roughness makes my Neighbours fine:
 " You're fair without, but foul within,
 " With Shame impregnated, and Sin;
 " To you each impious Scandal's owing,
 " You set each Gossip's Clack a going;
 " How *Parson Tytbe* in secret sins,
 " And how Miss *Squeamish* bro't forth Twins;
 " How dear, delicious *Polly Bloom*,
 " Owes all her Sweetness to Perfume;
 " Tho' grave at *Church*, at *Cards* can bett,
 " At once a *Prude* and a *Coquette*. —
 " 'Twere better for our *British* Virgins,
 " When on *Roast Beef*, *Strong Beer*, and *Sturgeons*,
 " Joyous to Breakfast they fat round,
 " Nor was asham'd to eat a Pound.
 " These were the Manners, these the Ways,
 " In good Queen *Bess's* golden Days:

" Each Damsel ow'd her Bloom and Glee,
 " To wholesome Elbow-grease and me;
 " But now they center all their Joys,
 " In empty Rattle-traps and Noise.
 " Thus when the *Fates* send you, they send
 " Flagitious Times which ne'er will mend;
 " Till some Philosopher can find,
 " A SCRUBBING-BRUSH to scour the Mind."

A PROLOGUE *Spoken by Mrs. MIDNIGHT.*

WELL, Ladies, What d'ye think of me
To-night?

Say, Don't you think I make a shocking Sight?
 By various Arts, we various Creatures ape,
 And metamorphose into twenty Shapes;
 Sometimes in Breeches, then in Petticoats again,
 And all your Loves and Favours to obtain;
 Then let not our Endeavours prove in vain?
 Don't think because I Petticoats put on,
 I cannot act the Part a Lover can,
 And shew myself sometimes a brisk young Man?
 To serve a Turn I can my Coats lay by,
 And with the best that's here my Manhood try.
 Then pray what needs this mighty Pother then,
 Without my Cloaths, I'm like another Man.
 Nay, never let a Blush your Thought disguise,
 You all love Men,--I see it in your Eyes.
 But lest some dull censorious Fool shou'd say,
Gad's Curse; such Transformations spoil the Play.
 Let 'em fret on, I care not for their Noise;
 I heed them not, so I have your Applause.

But

But hold! there's one Thing I've forgot to say;
 Besides there is my Compliments to pay; —
 First to the *Ladies* I my Thanks return,
 And this kind Favour I'll for ever own;
 And if you ever should in Wedlock join,
 Then may your Husbands to your Will combine.
 Now for the *Men*—Faith, I don't know what
 to say,
 Unless I chuse the good old-fashion'd Way,
 And thank you for the Favour done To-day.
 However, one I'll chuse, do what you can,
 And he that claps me most shall be the Man.

AN EPILOGUE.

*Spoken by Mrs MIDNIGHT's Daughter, riding upon an
 Ass dressed in a great Tie-Wig.*

AS hissing and pelting are so much in vogue,
 You'll permit me to ride with my new
 Epilogue,
 That in Case of a Thump from a *Buck*, or-a *Beau*,
 I may clap too my Spurs, and gallop—He-hoe!
 And, like a brave General, after being beat,
 Exult and rejoice in a prudent Retreat.

Nor should you despise this old Senat'ress here,
 Accountred and dress'd in a Caxon so queer;
 For she is a Person of Learning profound,
 Of Sense most sagacious, of Wisdom most sound,
 So genteel in Carriage, so sober and quiet,
 And so useful—she serves me for Physic and Diet.
 In Arts *Æsculapian* she's wonderful Knowledge,
 And wrought greater *cures* than most of the college!

Oh, cou'd all the sick who have cause to repine,
 But bridle their Doctors, as I bridle mine;
 Wou'd they saddle an Afs, to the Country repair,
 And drink of her Milk in an open free Air,
 The Dabblers in Physic would quickly decay,
 And the Bills of Mortality dwindle away.
 Or could the poor Clients, who oft are bestridden,
 But ride on their Lawyers, as by them they're
 ridden,
 Cou'd saddle a Serjeant, and jog out of Town,
 And Strife and Contention in full Bumpers drown,
 The World wou'd grow wise and better each Day,
 And Envy, and Malice, and Mischief decay!
 The sons of sound sense to this scheme will agree,
 And applaud my poor afs, & my mamma, & me.

T H E G R I S T L E.

AN ancient Dame, who clean and clear,
 Had reckon'd up her Ninetieth Year,
 At Dinner with her toothless Mouth,
 Attack'd a *Gristle* hard and tough:
 The *Gristle*, which she cou'd not chew,
 Out of her Mouth elastic flew,
 And fell direct across the Table,
 Close by a Youngster, stout and able.
 He thinking that, at any Rate,
 It must have fall'n from his own Plate,
 At but one Swallow, and one Smack,
 Devour'd the *Gristle* in a Crack. [Truth,
 "Tis Strange "Quoth the Dame" and yet 'tis
 "The Difference thus 'twixt Age and Youth,
 "Good

“ Good Lord, Good Lord, how have I been mumbling

“ And kept a mumbling still, and mumbling ;

“ Whilst this good Youth has in a Whistle,

“ Gulp’d up my Second-handed *Grifile*.

The Youth he leer’d, and look’d askew,

But rather this fame Inf’rence drew !

We should be virtuous in our Prime,

Reflecting on that Tooth-draw Time ;

And live by moral Maxims aw ’d,

While yet the *Grifile*’s to be know’d.

A Specimen of MODERN ACTING.

IN an Age of Extravagance, ’tis no Wonder
a Person should be censur’d, who offers to
preach up Prudence and Economy. When I
first enter’d the Rostrum by my Mamma’s Com-
mands, I had two Motives in View : The first
of which was, to contradict an Account propa-
gated to my Disadvantage ; insinuating, that I
was a mercenary Actress, and had monopoliz’d all
the first Characters. To obviate the first of
these, I did myself the Honour to perform the
Part of LADY BETTY MODISH ; and the Cri-
tics say I succeeded ; but how well, I shall leave
to the Determination of this honourable Com-
pany.

(a) [*Imitating Mrs. WASHINGTON.*] Oh !
my Dear ! I’m strangely happy To-day ! I have

(a) THE CARELESS HUSBAND.

just

just receiv'd my new Scarf from London, and you are most critically come to give your Opinion of it. Oh! my Dear! 'tis impossible to tell you how pretty it is: I believe there is Six Thousand Yards of Edging about it.—Then such an enchanting Slope from the Elbow,—something so new, so noble, so coquettish, and charming.—But you shall see it, my Dear.

I next presented you with a Tragedy Queen,
(b) [imitating Mrs. PRITCHARD.]

Oh! my poor Children!----Oh! distracting
Thought:

I cannot bid them (as I would) *Farewell*:
And then to part in Silence, stabs my Soul!

The next Part was that of JULIET, (c) [imitating Miss NOSSITER.]

O *Romeo, Romeo*: Wherefore art thou, *Romeo*?
Deny thy Father, and refuse thy Name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my Love,
And I'll no longer be a *Capulet*.

The next Part was that of the NURSE, (d) [imitating Mrs. MACKLIN.]

Mistress:---Why Lamb: Why Lady-bird: Fye, you Slug-a-Bed! What! drefs'd, and in your Clothes, and down again! O, I must needs awake you.—Lady; Lady; Lady; O, alas!

(b) King RICHARD the Third. (c) ROMEO and JULIET.

(d) A NURSE in ditto.

she's

she's dead ! she's dead ! Help, my Lord, my Lady ! O that ever I was born to see this Day ! Oh ! Oh ! Oh !

I once in the Great Metropolis did the Part of
Mrs. DIANA TRAPES.

(e) [*Imitating Mrs. MACKLIN.*] Aye, Aye, fill it up : I take as large Draughts of Liquor as I did of Love : I hate a Flincher in either : Come, fill it up.

[*Song.*]—In the Days of my Youth I could bill like a Dove,

Fal, la, la, la.

Like a Sparrow at all Times was ready for Love.

Fal, la, la, la.

The next Part was that of a Miss, (f) [imitating Mrs. CLIVE.]

Did you send for me, Papa ? Yes, my little Dear, to mention an Affair to you, that you havn't thought of.

[*Lucy.*] I hope it *ante* to send me to the Boarding-School, Papa ; for they say they'll whip me there, and pinch me : And a Husband can't whip me ; for E-gad, if he did, I'd fight him again, so I wou'd.

[*Old Man.*] Come tell me, of all the Men you have seen, whom you should like for a Husband.

(e) THE BEGGARS OPERA. (f) Miss LUCY, in the VIRGIN UNMASK'D.

[*Lucy*]

[*Lucy.*] Of all the Men I ever saw, I shou'd like Mr. *Thomas*, my Lord *Bounce*'s Footman. A Footman ! E-gad, he looks more like a Gentleman than either 'Squire *Foxchase*, or 'Squire *Tankard* ; aye, and he talks more like one, and smells more like one too. E-gad, I long to be married, more than ever I did for any Thing in all my Life ; since I'm to govern, and I'll warrant I'll do it purely : E-gad, I'll make him know who's at Home.

(g) [*Imitating Mrs. CIBBER.*] Mercy, I know it not, for I am miserable ;
 I'll give thee Misery, for here she dwells :
 This is her House, where the Sun never dawns.
 The Bird of Night sits screaming on the Roof,
 And nought is heard but Wailings and Lamentings.
 Hark ! Something cracks above ; it shakes, it totters ;
 And see ! The nodding Ruin falls to crush me.
 'Tis fall'n ! 'Tis here ! I feel it on my Brain - -
 Let her take my Counsel.
 Why should'st thou be a Wretch ? Stab, tear thy Heart,
 And rid thyself of this detested Being.
 I will not linger long behind thee here. —
 Ha ! What art thou, thou horrid headless Trunk ?
 It is my *Hastings*. See ! he wafts me on.
 Away : Go on.---I fly. I follow thee.

(g) JANE SHORE.

THE

THE
G I F T S:

A
DRAMATIC INTERLUDE

As it was intended to be performed

At the THEATRE in the HAY-MARKET, *London*

Set to Music

By Mr. JOSEPH GAUDRY.

2 P 2

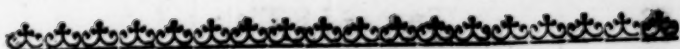
DRAMATIC INTERLUDE

by the author of the

in the theatre in the Haymarket

See to Music

JOSEPH CAUDRY



SCENE the 1st.
LIBERTY and BRITANNIA
DISCOVER'D.

LIBERTY.

THO' late *Britannia* for thy favour'd Son,
Thy godlike *GEORGE*, in Tears of Blood
we mourn'd,
These Sorrows now shall soften and subside,
Since in his blooming Heir his Virtues al,
With Equal Lustre glow.

Britannia.

Yes, yes, sweet Nymph,
My grateful Heart with rapt'rous Joy expands,
And Tears of Triumph swell my ravish'd Eyes ;
With Pleasure I behold a Patriot King,
My *British* Sceptre sway : Oh may he long,
Long, long, continue his auspicious Reign ;
And in his Subjects Hearts, as now he dwells,
For ever with unfaded Zeal remain.

AIR. *Britannia.*

No more the golden Trump of Fame,
Shall swell the *Greek* and *Roman* Name ;
Eclips'd by *Britain's* purer Ray,
The Attic Glories fade away ;
Nor other Theme the Muse shall sing,
But *Britain's* darling Patriot King.

Liberty.

Beneath his mild auspicious Sway,
 Her Charms fair Science shall display ;
 The Sons of Freedom shall proclaim,
 To distant Lands his sacred Name,
 And round his Throne her radiant Glow,
 Her brightest Beams shall Glory throw.

Duette.

Around his Throne her radiant Glow,
 Her brightest Beams shall Glory throw ;
 Nor other Theme the Muse shall sing,
 But *Britain's* darling Patriot King.

Scene the 2d.

Liberty.

Behold *Britannia* ; see thy Genius come !
 His Features glowing with a placid Joy.

*Enter GENIUS.**Genius.*

Now rouse *Britannia* every nobler Thought,
 Chace from thy Sadden'd Soul each gloomy
 Care,

And *Britons* gen'ral Gratulations join :
 Another Stroke the haughty *Gaul* has felt,
 And Victory with greener Laurels now
 Salates thy youthful King : Nay more, my Queen,
 The Gods have in full Synod been conven'd,
 On Means to strengthen and prolong thy Bliss.

The

The Ambassador of *Jove* will soon be here,
And thou shalt know the Fruits of their De-
bate.

Air.

Sovereign Mistress of the Sea,
Guardian of the Brave and Free,
Now no more at Fate repine,
Every real Bliss is thine.
Glory now attends thy Call,
See thy Foes by Thousands fall ;
Pleasure for thy Brow shall twine,
Roses in a Wreath divine.

RECITATIVE.

Britannia.

But when this new, this boundless Hope of Joy?

RECITATIVE. *Genius.*

As late I slumber'd in my Myrtle Bow'r,
My little *Alladin*, my faithful Spirit,
Awoke and led me to yon Mountain's Brow,
From whence with Rapture I distinctly saw,
The active *Hermes* for his Flight prepare

Air.

See yon East with Purple glowing,
Where the Rose-bud mildly blowing,
Scents the fragrant Hemisphere :
Thence thy eager Eye extending,
Thou may'st see the God descending,
Thro' the liquid Fields of Air.

RECIT-

THE GIFTS:

RECITATIVE. *Liberty.*Peace, Peace, the Messenger of *Jove* is here.

Scene the 3d.

Grand Symphony.—*Enter Mercury, with Attendant Spirits bearing the Gifts.**Air.*

- To *Britain* from the Realms above,
 A Messenger of Peace I come ;
 Commission'd by the mighty *Jove*,
 To bid thy Doubts thy Cares be dumb.
 Thine is the Hopes of future Days,
 Whose Monarch's of a Race divine ;
 By Reason led the Scepter sways,
 And every Joy *Britannia's* thine.
 While VIRTUE thus adorns the Throne,
 With Envy shall the Nations round,
 Compare thy Blessings with their own,
 And drop a Tear in Grief profound.

RECITATIVE. *Accompanied.**Britannia.*

Welcome kind Envoy of the bounteous Gods,
 Thy Voice breathes Peace, breathes Rapture to
 my Soul.

Mercury.

From Heaven's assembled Counsel, lo I bring,
 Their choicest Gifts to greet thy blooming King.

DUETTE.

DUETTE. *Britannia.*

How shall my grateful Heart,
In proper Terms express ;
Oh how shall I impart,
My Joy my Thankfulness ?

Mercury.

With humble Hope receive,
Whate'er the Gods bestow ;
Assured that they can give,
From boundless Bounties Flow.

RECITATIVE.

Mercury.

Great *Jove* applauding *Britain's* youthful King,
To Virtue prone, and wise beyond his Years,
With mild Complacence nodded all around ;
And let us, said the God, some Gifts prepare,
Worthy of us to give, him to accept ?
He said, and instant the consenting Gods,
On Mount *Olympus* well determined each,
And each prepared with something to bestow.

RECITATIVE. *Accompanied.*

Mercury.

This Laurel Wreath with Myrtle interwove,
The mighty Thund'rer sends, & from his Queen
Receive this Sceptre, for on these attend
Fame, Glory and Obedience. This bright Mace,
Presented by *Apollo*, and replete
With magic Virtues, shall command a Train
Of liberal Arts and Sciences, to crowd

Around

Around his Throne, and shall his Breast inspire
 With Wisdom to protect and guide their Course.
Minerva sends this Helmet, *Mars* this Sword,
 To guard from Insult and insure Success,
 When Envy or Ambition dare provoke
 His just Resentment, or molest his Reign.
 This Shield from *Pallas*, to repel the Assaults
 Of subtle Vice. This Trident *Neptune* sends,
 And with it cedes the Empire of the Seas:
 He bids *Britannia* still inspire her Sons,
 With native Ardour, to assert their Rights,
 And make the World do Homage to her Flag.
 From *Ceres* too this *Cornucopia* comes,
 Emblem of Plenty, from industrious Toil,
 And boundless Trade proceeding. *Vulcan* sends
 This polished Spear to aid the Sword of *Mars*.
 And last of all, this fair, this Milk white Dove
 The *Cyprian* Goddess sends; the Pledge of Peace.
 All Parties shall conciliate and unite:
 His Subjects Heart, in one eternal Bond,
 No force shall violate, nor Time destroy.

AIR. *Liberty.*

Happy *Britain*, blestful State,
 Freedom's latest blest Retreat,
 Now no more with envious Eyes,
 Let the Hydra Faction rise;
 See the Gods thy King caressing,
 Hence unite, deserve the Blessing.

RECITATIVE. *Britannia.*

These sacred Pledges of Divine Esteem,
 With

With humble Gratitude my Heart receives ;
And to dispose them that they best may serve
The Purpose of their Mission shall contrive.

Genius.

That Task be mine, while now with eager Zeal,
Each active Patriot for the Day prepares ;
When *Britain's* Monarch shall receive his Crown,
These will I place, and intermix among
The bright Regalia of that joyful Day.

SONG. *Britania*, 1st.

Behold, happy *Britons*, another bright Name,
From the heroic Race of great *Brinswick* springs,
Your Rights to protect to promulgate your
Fame,
And lengthen the Line of your glorious Kings.
What Wisdom, what Virtue, what Valour afford,
Shall brighten the Annals of Great *GEORGE* the
Third.

Genius, 2d.

Whatever your *EDWARDS* you *Harry's* have
done,
Your *Ann* or *Eliza* to humble the Foe,
By his nobler Conquest shall soon be outshone,
The *Gallic* Ambition, his Arms shall o'erthrow ;
Your Navy respected, your Commerce secur'd,
Shall brighten the Annals of Great *GEORGE* the
Third.

L

Liberty.

Liberty. 3d.

Beneath his own Vine his own Fig-Tree re-
pos'd,
The Fruits of his Labour each Swain shall enjoy;
For Liberty here has her Blessings disclos'd,
No Tyrant shall spoil them, no Envy annoy;
The Sciences hither by Freedom allur'd,
Shall brighten the Annals of Great GEORGE the
Third.

Mercury.

But wou'd ye, *Britons*, these Triumphs pro-
long,
And chuse that the Autumn should answer the
Spring,
Put Guile from the Heart drive Deceit from
the Tongue,
With Zeal serve the Gods, love and honour the
King:
So Peace shall return and her Blessings afford,
To brighten the Annals of Great GEORGE the
Third.

The Chorus to be repeated after the above Verse.

A D A N C E.

F I N I S.



